

M1547
Friday, March 7, 1969
New York City
Group IV

Part One

Mr. Nyland: Is it working?

John Marshall: Yes.

Mr. Nyland: It's always a little difficult after playing to know what to say. Or perhaps it is not so much what to say, it's a question of how to say it. In music and in playing, certain things of course come out; and of course, also there are many limitations, and many times there is a feeling and it cannot always be expressed, and one is really struck. Because your feeling is honest, you want it somehow or other, you're dependent on the instrument. Your instrument is also limited. Your technique is limited, your touch is limited. The chords sometimes can be correct; because there are many notes so you can combine them in different ways, and then sometimes you can give a semblance of something that you want to express. Perhaps it is not entirely right, but it is more or less.

That is, of course, the inability of Man. He feels ... he feels that he is really much more than what he can say or even can show; that even with the best of intentions and everything being earthly correct, here we are on Earth trying, sometimes, for an expression which we know must exist. And that is about all we know. And, we don't even know it. We have a, I call it perhaps an 'understanding' that belongs to a level of one's Being which, at such times is not so much attached to the Earth. That is, it is something that tries to come out as a result of the striking of a note, and then one must leave it ... leave it to the strings, to the vibrations in the air, to the sound as it has been produced; and whatever then can happen to it one doesn't know, one does know this: It goes away from one. One cannot recall it anymore. It is struck, and that is a

moment for a person.

That's exactly that way that there is a moment in which one says "God." It is also struck. It is a note, it vibrates, it goes away from you. For one moment there is the realization of something existing which is not oneself. Again it doesn't last, and again one wishes a language to be able to say a little more or to give an indication what is really meant—or what is felt, or what one wishes to express in words—and one cannot express it. All it is, is that one moment of a realization of something existing; perhaps even existing, perhaps not even existing; perhaps even only thought about, or perhaps nothing else but just the feeling; something existing for a Man, and then the Man is limited and he cannot continue.

This is constantly what one runs up against on Earth. This one must know for oneself: That it is impossible sometimes to do the impossible. It cannot be done, than only with a sigh. And even the sigh may not be enough; because even *that* is a form, and what one wishes, then, is to be quiet and then to yield, and then to be taken up and then to disappear so that God could exist. God never exists through us. He *is*. We only at certain moments realize that there is something, and that's why it so difficult to talk about it. Because each person has this, there's no question about that. It belongs to his inner life. It is probably deeper than that. It is something that is within me that seldom is even touched, but only at certain moments one knows it to be there.

The moments may not be many, and being unusual to Man he does not want to pay attention to it. Because it's too difficult even to pronounce the word and sometimes he feels that in pronouncing it he is not doing justice to that kind of feeling, but what really takes place at such a moment is an Awareness of God existing at that time within one, and this is the beginning of religion. This is the beginning of one's life in reality. This is the one thing that is allowed for a Man on Earth to have: To enable him to live on Earth with a constant hope and, as I say sometimes, with a realization that he knows he doesn't really belong here and that he knows he belongs to something else. And he cannot define it because his mind cannot fathom it, his words are inaccurate and inadequate, his feeling cannot find any expression.

That what he wishes to know, he cannot know. He tries understanding, it doesn't help. He says "I feel," and it is not enough. He is emotionally involved, and it is still limited. Because there is a limit to his emotions at a certain state, and when he stretches out his arms and he points to the sky and Heaven in hopes that God somehow or other could be contacted in prayer, even in that attitude there is that limitation. Where can he go; because he is bound to Earth and all that is

allowed for him at times—at certain times only—is to say very, very softly within himself, “Oh, my God.”

I say it is the beginning of one’s life, the recognition of life within oneself. It is not in words. It cannot be in words, and it cannot be defined, and it cannot be proven in words, and it cannot even be proven in feeling. One must almost say it is ‘there’ or it ‘isn’t’; because all what we try to do is simply to give it a little bit of a form; and then we say *that* is God and *that* is God—and this kind of a feeling is ‘Godlike,’ and this kind of an affection I have is like God ‘loving’ me—and what do we, poor people, do with such a concept which is inexpressible. Because it is Infinity itself, and we put an end to it by putting it in a word or trying to define it—His Endlessness defined in terms which have an end, which even have a beginning. Because when I say with a sigh “God,” it ends there on the ‘d’ and where does it go. And what is in it when I speak it, and when I know everything of me goes into that. And I say “But it must exist,” then I look around and it’s gone. I call it, it doesn’t come back.

And still, I say “The assurance of that what is life in me, I know.” And I have to do for a long time with that what is of the Earth; and I take the things of Earth and I embellish them and I make images and I create and I try to find some kind of a form that is suitable, and every time I know that when I look at it I say it is ‘not yet,’ not yet that I know to exist, not yet that I know that I have felt, that at once in a while I know by experience that it exists.

When one has moments like that, one must never deny them. Because if you do, you deny life. But it does not mean that one has to use words in order to express it, or that one has to go to church, or even that the music can be put in a sound to convey that. When Gurdjieff talks about the Lights of Karatas, he talks about the brain, that kind of Consciousness which at that time has light. It is Karatas ... Karatasian. It is not of this Earth. It is not even of the universe as a whole. It is, again, concentrated in some kind of a concept which we call ‘Karatas,’ to which Beelzebub returns and where the Lord has His dwelling. And immediately when one starts to talk and tries to define there are words—and *there* is the personality of God, and *there* is the throne, and *there* is the heaven, and *there* are the streets paved with gold, and *there* are the angels singing canticles and hymns to the ‘glory’ of God, one says—and all the time in our language, all the time when we think about that, when we want to put even a feeling into some kind of a word, all the time even when we stammer we use images in order to bring it down to us so that we, poor people on Earth, can have a little image that represents that what is the highest of the highest for us.

And again, that is only a definition. When I say the ‘essential essence,’ what do I really mean: That what is a point indelibly within, without any dimensions in space or time. And I can use words and I can say it and define it and my mind is satisfied, but not my emotional state. It leaves something still to be desired; and that even sometimes when I speak—and I speak it in a certain way and I pray and my posture is belonging to that what I am saying and my prayer—I wished it would go up and up and up and return to me to tell that it *has* gone up ... and it went to the end of the world and now it comes back to me to tell there is no end, at such a moment I understand a little of the Being of His Endlessness.

And so, you see, why do we talk about it. It is there or it isn’t, and when it isn’t I cannot prove it. Because it’s mine, it’s everybody’s, it’s each person’s privilege to have his God. It’s each person’s privilege to have his Heaven and to describe it as it is within him; in words for himself and knowing he shouldn’t use words, but he has to because he is limited. A Man is so limited. He has to talk. A Man cannot live by his talk alone. He cannot even live by his feeling, because it has to be expressed in a physical form. He doesn’t even know the language of emotions.

All the time I need a form. To bring it ‘down to Earth,’ I say. For me to look at it. For me to touch, to hope in some way or other that that image has a certain clarity. Because then I can conceive of it within the limitations of my brain. I can bring God down to Earth and I can say “Yes, it is the highest of the highest and the throne.” And then I think and I say “What is it really that binds me,” and I say “Yes, it is my life here and the time duration of my life on Earth between conception and death physically.” And then I say “What is this, then.” If that—for me, during this particular period—there is a possibility for me to have contact with something that is not of this Earth, what is it then that is contacting. And again I bring back to Earth what I believe His Endlessness is, and I say, “My God, what are You—like me that You, like me, are also with an end.” Is it true? And I pray for understanding, and then God says: “Don’t worry. For me, also, there is Heropass.”

God says, “I know what you are thinking. I know how you are limited by your life. I know how you interpret things. I know how you consider your body as a form having life in it. And I cannot talk to you about your life because it won’t penetrate as yet, but I can talk to you about the things that you are familiar with.” “For instance,” He says, “I know you have a little concept of time because it is fleeting,” and He says “I know, I also have the same trouble.” “You see,”

He says, "I'm eaten by it." Eaten—it eats Me up—and I don't understand it. Because I say, "But, if You are Endless, why would You be eaten." Because being eaten means destruction of something and going from one place to another, or having something come to you and disappear. And all these things are concepts that are concepts that are within *my* reason, why do You talk my childish language. He says "That's the only way you will ever know Me."

And *that* I can understand. Because when I start to think about the other attributes which, of course, I must assign to Him since He is the highest in any kind of a conception either in thought or feeling or emotion or that what I have to express in some kind of a holy form sacred to me, I know that those are my limitations and I cannot go outside of them. I can use a word of Omniscience, how will I know what it is to know everything. How can I believe in the actuality of Omnipotence. How can I conceive all-powerful, everywhere and always Omnipresent. How can I have any kind of a concept of Endlessness. How can I have even more than a concept of light.

And then I have to let it go. I say 'light,' I know that is what I strive for, that is what I wish to reach. When I think of the Lord and He comes on the cloud and tells me "Have strength. Come to Me. Walk on water, it will support you." That belief: Like a mustard seed growing out into a tree. I used the term 'Yggdrasil' once. That is what grows out of the seed planted, by the Lord, in a Man. That is what grows out from Earth, that what connects the Earth with Heaven. That's where the branches go, and the roots in Earth, and in between the trunk. And, that's me. I wish to climb. I want to go up. I want to find out what is where—how—and I invent ... and I say in a little fairy tale this Yggdrasill it is, like me, a symbol. And a little rabbit, he tells me; he runs up and down the tree ... and comes back with knowledge from Heaven, and he goes back to Heaven with knowledge from the Earth. I say "This is me"—I know that—every time I lift my eyes and I say "Where are the lights," at such a moment when I know it is there and it ought to be, all I then have to do is to forget about that what I am in this form. I forget my Earth. I look at it and say "You don't exist for me. I don't react to you. All I know is you're there for me to stand on."

Thank God there is a body, but what am I after. The Sun is my brain, my wish to grow Lights of Karatas. How will God come down, how will He go up. For a long time we're in between. We wish, and we cannot go. We have leaden feet, feet that are still cemented into the Earth, and it takes such a long time to dissolve, to find even a kind of a way of dissolving them.

Because I don't know that kind of chemistry. It is tied down, and apparently it is worse when I try. Because I concentrate so much on trying to get *that* free, that I lose track of the light. And then there is darkness and there is no light, and a few stars and they remind me. I know. I know Orion. I know they're there. I know Cassiopeia. I know how it is in the sky. I say "Yes, I know. It is all God's work, isn't it."

How can one actually come to the realization of such existence in oneself. How can one know so that such certainty can guide one. Surely not by talking—that we know—and not by convincing anyone. Anyone who says he doesn't know, let him be. It is not true. He knows, he just doesn't want to talk about it, or he has never wished to talk about it because he's afraid, or because he doesn't know himself as yet. When do I see God. In the moment of my existence, in which everything for me becomes eternity. That is the time. Because then, in that eternity everything around me disappears into Infinity, and that what I am and that what is the point without any dimensions becomes for me Infinity. And God is there—again, for one moment—when I Work. Because then I lose all the finite forms. They have no meaning for me at that time. All I know is that they exist for me, and my 'I' Wakes Up. That is the 'I', which then goes up the tree to Heaven and comes back with a certain way of telling.

How—I do not know. Usually nothing else but the assurance that the Sun is there and that God exists, and that 'I' comes and tells me: "Here is a little bit of that kind of information for you. I just came from Karatas, but I am now on Earth and I am now as a passenger coming from God to tell you to Wake Up and to help you all I can." Because I wish you ... this—human being—I wish you to understand what are the laws of the Earth and what are the laws of the universe, and to what extent do you think that you can reach, to what extent do you feel that your life is dedicated, to what extent are you willing to give up so that you actually can leave this Earth.

What will you do with your life on Earth when 'I' tells you. And again, such an image comes; as if God is there and He takes me by the hands and he walks with me; and I go across the bridge and He reaches out His hand to hold onto me after the 'Fa' that I come to the 'Sol'—to the Sun—wishing the Sun, then, to tell me. The Sun, and not the Moon anymore. Because once when I start, I realize what I leave behind. I leave behind me the force that has made me what I am; and we call it 'involutionary' force as part of the maintenance of the Cosmic Ray of which the Earth is one, and the Organic Kingdom is part of the Earth and I have to live there.

And we say, with a great deal of philosophy, I ‘understand’ it because the Cosmic Ray is at the point ‘Fa’ and for that reason there is, of course, a great deal of trouble and difficulties; and that is why Man cannot see straight, and that is why he has to use images for himself: Because he is not as yet able to realize what is what, and we give him for a little while something so that he is asleep and he will not Wake Up because, for the purpose of Mother Nature the deeper we sleep, the more bright the Moon will shine.

A Man can Wake Up at the moment when he says “God,” and that God is his ‘I’ at that time. And then when he Wakes Up, he turns around. It is as if he turns in his sleep. It is as if at that moment something propels him. Perhaps even he is a sleepwalker, and for one moment he realizes that he is in danger of losing his life and that something has to be done. Because when he is a sleepwalker, he has not his ordinary consciousness—not even that. And although we say waking ... waking-sleeping state as a term it is ‘useful,’ it isn’t right. Because when I am unconscious, when I’m so-called ‘awake’ in ordinary life I know that I am not a fool. I know that at times I do this and at times I do that, and I know that there are different layers and levels of being in unconsciousness. I don’t know that in physical sleep. I have a few dreams, that’s all I have. I also know that in ordinary life I can see light once in a while, and I also have a recognition of a moment accidentally given to me.

So, what do I do. To continue to pray and to hope, or do I make an attempt. You see, if I then wish to Work, the Awareness becomes for me eternity. It is that moment—of Awakened state—for Man, what happens to Man after he has fulfilled his task; after he has made the three bodies which are potential for him now; after he has gone through all the difficulties to form them to understand the meaning of an Observation process and an Impartiality and this question of moment existing, realization, acceptance, Participating in life with that what is Conscious. “‘I’, come and help me so that I can behave.” This body, it can belong to You so that ‘I’ can belong to me. To look, to see, to find out, to have adventure; to open your physical eyes, even, so that can ‘I’ can, as the third eye, really guide you into all kind of possibilities within your framework. And then the impossibility of creating conditions—which do not exist—in order to find out what is there in me that is alive, and can stay alive regardless of whatever happens to me on Earth. So that I can say “Yes, Earth, I have found out, I know you backwards and forwards, up and down, left and right. It doesn’t matter, but now I go up because I know you.”

That is the last step. With that last step I push the Earth down, because I go up. At such a

time I don't even need wings. At the one moment when I say "God," I am not of this world any longer. And I wished and I wished I could stay, and I see God and He says, "Go back." And, with that it isn't fair. I know I want You. I want that—I know—and all the mysticism of the world is connected with me at that time in that kind of forgetfulness. I want to say "good-bye," and says "You go back. Not yet. You cannot! You Work first." That is a terrible realization in prayer: That when I Wake Up I find myself on Earth, and my dream was that I already was free.

This is the way God tells. This is the way God reminds one. He says it's your 'birthright' to be united ultimately, that your life and Mine are the same and can become One. And in endless time it will happen, but as long as you do not know what that is, you have to live through your time to find out what is the endlessness in your concept of time. And He says, "Go. Work and eat it, then you will know." Take the future and make it your own in the present, then you will know the secret of life. Because then the time will have lost its sting for you. So will death. So will everything that is destroyed. Because you don't need it any longer. "When all things have been destroyed for you, you can come because then I know that you have Worked."

This is really the thing that one should realize: What is religion, than only a command to Work. What is your life, than only to give it a current as your conduct. What is the thought and the feeling regarding God: Only that it gives you a responsibility to meet Him in time endless, and a realization that that what is within one if one dares to go inside ... and not to falter and not to be afraid and not to lose faith when nothing else seems to be around; and if you have to continue and continue regardless of whatever the cost is—at your expense, of course, and at your loss, of course—you lose everything to find that is what your life is. You lose yourself to find God.

Somehow or other... You see, again one compares who am I, who is God, and I put them both on a scale and I say "But, God is worth more." And I say, "Goddammit, what is this idea that I even try to think that I know what is 'worth' more." What do I know, now—myself, my limitations, my little brain starting to Work and discovering a little bit of things that I already now dislike. And then I say, "Oh no, I don't want it," because I don't believe that's me because I know I'm a little bit better—"You know, God, I'm much better even than You think. You think you know, but, you know, really I'm this-and-that."

And at such a time God looks at you and He nods his head, and you keep on talking. Because you talk, you want to convince, even, God, tell Him how marvelous you are. This you

did and that you did and all of that, you see, and you become so engrossed in your talk you don't even know that God has turned around and has left you. And you keep on talking, still, to convince yourself; until a bitter moment you Wake ... your voice, you Wake Up, you stop talking, you look around and you say, "Where is God now." Then God is dead for you because of your talk, because of these expressions of feelings, because of these ideas that you already know.

Prematurely thinking. And God sends his little angel to you—an Archangel, maybe, if you're really worth it—like Beelzebub when he was told "Get down to Earth, will you?" Do something. You—little imp—you interfered prematurely with the affairs that do not belong to you. What do you think *you* are! Go down and Work. Work out your karma down there, Ors, as far away from Me as you possibly can go. And go and visit that Earth. Go and find out what is this Earth—Tikliamish, Atlantis, India, even America. What is it in a human being. What is it in his body. What are the parts of the body that Beelzebub visited. What sunk. How did he try to change the conditions—King Konuzion, to put next to each one something from Mars to tell them what to do. This is Participation of 'I' with me.

One can learn how to pray. One can learn how to be quiet. One can learn what this Silence means and what kind of language it has, but one cannot tell. Because the language is not as yet an open book, and that what I need for this is not even my emotions. My emotions open the road to Heaven, what I need is my Soul. My Soul can breathe in Heaven, and need not have any fear of ever being destroyed. Because *that* I must make as a concept of what I think my Soul ought to be; because my Soul for me is the image in which I wish to grow and to become so that, then, *that* becomes for me the means of uniting with God.

We can theorize. We can say "Oh, yes, after some time." No. After no time at all. In a moment it is there. How many times is God there in the moments of your life. This is the responsibility. This is how one can actually live on Earth. God Above, God below, everywhere and always; so that then we know all and through that have understanding, and through that have Being. That's the prayer, and then we always say "And may God and the devil bless it."

Such attempts. The recognition of where I am. The recognition and the hope where I can go. The recognition of my bound ... being bound to the devil of Earth for me; the roots, the wish to go up the tree and to have fruit, bearing fruits in Heaven with all the gods around. That what I call *my* Heaven, and what am I: The tree, the trunk, the strength, the body pointing towards I do

not know what. All I know: It points away from that where I want to become free from. That is the Earth. How will I find the tool to cut the roots when they have done what they should do—feed me so that at times I can see the Lights of Karatas.

To Beelzebub, when he was told “Go down to Earth and Work.” [toast]

Part Two

Mr. Nyland: You know. You know well enough what is needed. The person who wishes to Work really has to have a great dissatisfaction with himself, a disappointment in his life. He must know a great deal about himself and he must never stop uncovering, and he has to tell himself sometimes very quietly, “This is me.” Sometimes this kind of a realization, you can only say it when you are all by yourself. Sometimes it is your Conscience that makes you say it. You are this, that, you can swear. You can use all kinds of things—it doesn’t matter. The way you say it, the way you really say it, *that* determines your experience and it determines how deep it goes. I always hope it will actually go deep enough, deep enough to become indelible.

And then when it is indelible, how can I get rid of it. Because this is another problem. I find out first what I am. I’m honest, I try to look at myself, I find I am that—this creature, this terrible, obnoxious, horrible—and I mean it. Because I say “I am that”—I know, no one can tell me any different. Because, not even God knows it. I am the only one who knows it. Almost I would say “Thank God I don’t have to tell anyone.” That’s one thing that is an advantage: You don’t have to tell. Because it’s only for your own good and for your own world, and you make your world and you’re not responsible to anyone else for that what you are. You become responsible for what you are. Up to the moment when the realization comes that that is what you are *and* if you can accept it—the state in which you are and what you really are—then you accept the responsibility for that, and from that moment on you are responsible for yourself.

How does one find out what one is. All kind of notions one has—feelings, what other people have said—every time I open my mouth I expect someone, I would almost say, to ‘respect’ me. I want someone to tell me, “Oh this, that—fine, very good.” It is silly even to say a mutual admiration society—pat me on the back so that I can do the same for you. Gurdjieff, you remember, couldn’t be in better hands than yours. All the atrocities of the world called ‘art,’ all the stinking nonsense that we believe in, everything that has been built up in oneself to have a certain amount of what we then call ‘self-confidence’ that we dare to face the rest of the world

because, after all I'm in this and that and so forth. And I expect other people to admit it—that I am that—and I ask for it, I beg for that, I go down on my knees to have them tell me I'm wonderful.

So stupid we are, and only because we don't know any better. Because there is nothing in oneself—really, so damned little. The problem, when one has problems, is first to build something so that the problems have a place. That you don't have to go outside with your problems. You can hang them up in your inner room, with a nail on the wall so that you can see your problems. And you will really want to have a good time. You can go to your inner room and you look at *all* the problems you have, *all* the suffering, everything. Everything! Don't forget anything, it will be too bad. And you look at that room and you say, "But, that is me with the problems and whatever I dislike." And I know I must dislike it, because how will I ever redecorate unless I know what I am and the material I'm made of, and the different tendencies I have—my characteristics, all the different things of my life that have made me what I am. Thank God I'm not responsible, but now I become responsible because I wish.

This is fundamental in a person—to have a wish. If there is no wish, there is no Man. I've said many times, it is not your brain. It is really that what goes down into yourself and reaches your heart, and which comes from your heart. Not just the nonsensical things that are in your solar plexus, and not the ordinary rotten kind of a wishes that you always want in order to satisfy your stomach or your sleep or whatever it is, or your ire—that is, you're angry, you want to tell, you want to tell so-and-so and it gives you satisfaction. How cheap it is. Because, what are you to tell someone else. They can tell probably ten thousand times more about you and what you are, but you think that you are on a throne a little bit or that you know already, and then you dare to tell someone. And who is you and what do you know, and how can you tell it. Even if you did know, how would you know ... how would you find the words to tell a person. For what. For the satisfaction of your own glory, or in order to help him.

There are two different kinds of words for that, different sentences, even a different language. You have to know the language of someone else if you want to help them. You have to understand what they are living in, what are their conditions. Not yours. Yours may be beautiful, but they will not fit someone else. That what you have to know is what someone else is, and how they look and why they are the way they are. And whatever it is that you call their mechanicality and that you can match with your own, if you like, in order to find out what they

really are ... and when you talk you talk at their level and you see... And you must never let them know that you talk their level. You must never bend down. You must never glorify in what you know in order to appear the helper so that they will start to admire you. The more they admire you, the more you are asleep, the more you cement yourself in, the more you expect people to have admiration, the more you are bound to Earth. They bind you with their so-called 'love' for you or their so-called 'respect' for you. And you, you drink it in. You're so thirsty because there's nothing inside yourself to quench your thirst. This is where you make the mistake. Because you remain dependent on other people, and you run to them in order to tell them "please tell me; you love me, don't you," looking for sympathy.

What is needed with your problems in your little room: To sit on a rotating chair—you know, like a piano ... a piano chair sometimes. You rotate ... a swivel chair, you can even have arms, you can sit comfortably; but, you have to turn it; because you have to see *all* your problems and you must see what you are, and you must not forget anything. And when you have made that tour 360 degrees, then you close your eyes and then you say, "Is it really that bad." You see, that is the honesty—that you really believe it is bad. And the answer is "No, it is not that bad," but you don't give that answer yourself. You'll receive it. When you are in a state that you have come to the conclusion that it is that bad, God answers you and He says "No, get up and walk."

He says "Leave this room." You can remember—I am sure you will not forget it—but don't let it get to you now. That is your past; no responsibility taken for it, than only now as you Work and as you use what you have, and you go to the outer world and you become active. Just a little activity, this body doing. Doing a little, but doing; not sleeping, and not sitting, and not contemplating, and not feeling tired, and not having to think things out. Just do. Go. Do. Do, it doesn't matter what. The Lord doesn't care, as long as you're up and doing. Neither does the Will of my Father. Not just lukewarm. You know, hot or cold. You say "I don't do"—finished—or you say "I do"—also finished. That is the kind of language that God understands. There are two reasons, "Yes" and "No." That is His language. It means I belong, or I don't. It means I Am, or I Am not. It means I eat time, or time eats me. This is really the decision that one comes to.

[Aside, someone coughing. Mr. Nyland: Who is it? Drink a little water.]

Mr. Nyland: But you don't ... you don't get that decision by sitting indoors, by sitting in your

little room. There, of course, you fall asleep and you associate, you rationalize; and you look at all the bad things and you know exactly why and when; you can explain it, you have nothing to worry about. That's why you go outside. That's why you work. Because then you have no time and no wish to explain it away. You Work with it. It is that what you are, you Work and a new set of environment is created. And, no one knows until you do it. Don't think for a moment that just the thought about it will do the trick. It won't do it at all. You've got to do something with your body. If you can with your mind, with your feeling, but you have to become an active person. You have to think, you have to feel, and you have to do. If you can be active in your mind—good. If you can do the Will of the Father, if you understand what He means—also good. If you just feel and then act, it's also good.

[Aside. Mr. Nyland: I wished you would drink something. Person: I have nothing to drink.

Mr. Nyland: Oh, but get something for heaven's sake.]

Mr. Nyland: Either one of the three centers, two centers, or three centers. If you can be, in the activity, all present to yourself—again, so much the better. You will not know the language until you are in that state of doing. With *all* yourself, love. With *all* your suffering. With *all* the wish to communicate everything that you are and you know you're not. But whatever it is, it's fine for ordinary life.

That is the way we are used to—to live on Earth. For a little while don't live on Earth, do as if you don't belong here. Do as if you're really a person from Mars who happens to visit. And then you say, "How would I be if I only could live emotionally." How would I be if I didn't look at other people for confirmation and affirmation and respect, if I just could be as I am. As I am. So, I walk. I walk, maybe I crawl, I don't care because I'm not interested what other people will say. I hear it. They say, "Oh look, he crawls," and I say "Yes, I do." I accept what I am. This acceptance means that I have to accept something. That means I have to accept myself as I am.

When myself as I am—body and the rest—is sitting quiet, I accept something that is dead, when it is dead and I accept it the 'I' does not live. The 'I' has to have food which has life in it, and that is why we say that kind of static condition has to become dynamic. It can be slow. It doesn't mean you have to exert very much effort. Even the less effort, the better it is so that more energy is left for something else.

This is the solution to your life. This is the solution to all your problems. Don't make any

mistake about it. All your problems, all your so-called ‘suffering,’ all the different things that you now think are terrible because of a relation—so-and-so doesn’t work out, and it isn’t right and it’s the mistake of the other, and the condition ... and it rains and whatever—just physical work. Just go ahead and take a spade or a shovel, and Work. And move a chair and put it in a corner, and bring it back. Shovel snow, and shovel it back. Put on your coat and take it off, and put it on and take it off. Cook a little bit and the first batch of hot water, throw it out. Whatever it is that you do it doesn’t matter, but the balance in your body—in your personality—no talk will help it, no feeling, no marvelous feeling, no expression of an emotional state. Nothing. All that is needed is a little body to go ahead and move one step after the another, one foot in front of the other. Move your arms, go and yell outside. It doesn’t make any difference. Your body has to become active.

This is what is meant by the required health of your body. That is the problem of that kind of health: To feed it; to feed it activity, using up energy and using that much energy which is needed for that what is the activity. That we call ‘lean’ health: Not too much and not too little. Enough. No indulging, no starvation. Don’t diet too much. Just eat ordinary food as well as you can prepare it, tasty if you can. It’s your life, you know. Your life is in your body. You are the keeper of the prison. You keep your life locked in. Maybe that’s your fault; but you don’t know that yet, and you don’t even know how to make a key to open the door, and you don’t even know how the doors are opened.

No key. Interesting—no key. No key to the Scriptures. No key to All and Everything. Just Being. Just a little bit of attention. Just, if you can, Awareness. Just creation of a little bit of ‘I’. It’ll grow when it is alive. That is your problem, instead of all the other little problems. They belong to ordinary life, let them be, they’ll die. And if not, what of it, you can be free.

It’s experience. You have to know it, and you don’t have to use many words for it. And the words need not be emphasized, either. One can sit very quietly and talk ... and then “One, two, three,” after that you get up. And again you say “One, two, three,” and then you Work and then you mean “One” your head, “Two” your feeling, “Three” your body. And then you say “Three, two, one,” and again it’s your body and again it’s your feeling and your head.

Then you say ‘1’-‘3’-‘2’. That’s new. My body, it wants the mind to tell it what it should do, and then the feeling becomes engaged in helping to do it. I want to Work, I have a wish, I know my body needs it now. Because my body is the most important thing for me. It houses all

the different organs. Therefore, I have to pay attention to the body. Therefore, that kind of a wish is for the help to the body so that the body can be a better carrier for that what is my personality.

That is '1' and '3' is my head, the insight that I get in my head of knowing what is right for me. When it is Work, it has to be clarity in my head. '1'-'3', and I settle for '2'. That is where I live then. I live in my feeling, at that time I live in Man Number Four. I live at that point where I want to go across the bridge. Because, what is my aim: To go to the Sun. That is the 'Sol-La-Si' of Kesdjan. That is my aim. And I am already at 'Fa' when I think about Work, and when I remember how to Work, and I know in my head that that is it. Very simple: ABC or presence to oneself, that is '3' and then '2'. And after I say '2'-'4'-'3', because I've got to get to '3' somehow or other in order to complete myself. And all the time I'm shoveling snow, all the time I'm hammering, all the time I'm brooming in the room, all the time I'm taking a little dish and I wash it, all the time I'm making my bed.

'1'-'3'-'2': Try to remember, when you wish to Wake up, to use the sacred formula. '1'-'3'-'2', you'll be surprised how Awake you can be if you make an attempt.

To a good week. [Toast].

End of tape